

The SOLE OF THE RAINBOW

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XV—Continued

HE wheeled, to face an utter stranger—a tall, black-haired, gray-eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malblin reached for his gun again, but someone had been quicker than him, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" the stranger addressed his question to Merlim in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have killed me. The other, whom he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men; but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him; but not now. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malblin in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so; and he was holding him as easily as Malblin might have held a little child, yet Malblin was a huge man, mightily thew'd. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arms' length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean-limbed men, not at all like the many crew that followed the Swede. "We have had enough foolishness," said the stranger to Malblin. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know you who you are, and I have seen you before. You and your friend bear a most unenviable reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time; but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. You understand?"

Malblin blustered and threatened, finishing by applying a most uncomplimentary name to his captor. For this he received a shaking that rattled his teeth. Those who know say that the most painful punishment that can be inflicted upon an adult male, short of inflicting him, is a good old-fashioned shaking. Malblin received such a shaking.

"Now get out," said the stranger, "and next time you see me remember who I am, and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Merlim, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jenness's body. "He carried it always," she said. "The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Merlim was free."

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"It will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eying her strange, barbaric garb with wonder. From her speech he was evidently not of the Arab race; but he had never before seen one thus clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people, Korak and I live in the jungle alone since Ah! went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Ah! name, for so it had sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape. "Korak could have been king, but he would not."

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Merlim. I also, am an ape."

"M-m," was the stranger's only oral comment upon this startling announcement; but what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are entirely well. If you are, we will set forth in search of Korak."

Merlim looked straight into the keen, gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many, many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and Ah!."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Merlim pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?" "I do not know," she replied; "but he will find his way to me."

"I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak, or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Merlim thought that it was so; but she did not like the idea of not starting immediately to meet Korak. On the other hand, she could not see how she could permit this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle.

Whence she had come, or what she had intended, she could not guess; but that her Korak and the life among the apes was but a fragment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savages beasts for years; but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malblin's boy, the striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malblin stood at a distance, angry and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

"Find out where they got this girl," he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malblin's followers. Presently he returned to his master.

"They bought her from old Kuvodoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the others."

"I wish that I might; but a new law is come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old days, Muviri," replied the master.

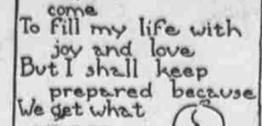
The stranger remained until Malblin and his safari had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Merlim, trustful now, stood at his side. Geeka clutched in one silent, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at the faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mental faculties.

Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

No big experience has come to fill my life with joy and love. But I shall keep prepared because we are worthy of it.



He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "dour," as he called it. He was impatient upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her to the insane hallucination which haunted her; but his wise man, he determined to humor her first, and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

When they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of the way more and more eastward, and to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

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At first their appearance was savage and unfriendly in the extreme; but once they recognized the foremost black warriors, and the white man behind them, their attitude underwent a remarkable change.

The colts and the fox-terriers became frantic with joy, and while the wolfhounds and the Great Dane were not a whit less delighted, the rest of their master, their greetings were of a more dignified nature. Each in turn sniffed at Merlim, who displayed not the slightest fear of any of them.

The wolfhounds bristled and growled at the scent of wild beasts that clung to her garment; but when she laid her hand upon their heads, and her soft voice murmured caressingly, they half closed their eyes, and their upper lips in contented canine smiles.

The man was watching them, and he, too, smiled, for it was seldom that these savage brutes took so kindly to strangers. It was as though in the distance fencible fields and many buildings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked pointing.

"Here are we," he said, pointing to the man. "As our way led near my dour, I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your wife. He finds you. It is better than little one. You will be safer with us, and you will be happier."

"I am afraid, Bwana," said the girl. "In my dour they will beat me as did the sheik, my father. Let me go back into the jungle. There Korak will find me. He would not think to look for me in the dour of a white man."

"No one here will beat you, child," replied the man. "I have not done so, have I? Well, here all belong to me. They will treat you well. Here no one is beaten. My wife will be very good to you, and at last Korak will come, for I shall send men to search for him."

The girl shook her head. "They could not bring him, for he would kill them, as all men have tried to kill him. I am afraid. Let me go, Bwana!"

"You do not know the way to your own country. You would be lost. The leopards or the lions would get you the first night, and after all you would not find your Korak. It is better that you stay with us. Did I not save you from the bad man? Do you not owe me something for that? Well, then; remain with us for a few weeks at least until we can determine what is best for you. You are only a little girl—it would be wicked to permit you to go alone into the jungle."

Merlim laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. It has been so since I was a child. I am not afraid of the jungle. Nor am I afraid of the leopard or the lion. When my time comes I shall die. It may be that a leopard or a lion shall kill me, or it may be a tiny but no bigger than the end of my littlest finger."

"No, I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever; but your dour is close beside the jungle. I have been good to me. I will do as you wish, and remain here for a while to wait the coming of my Korak."

"Good," said the man, and he led her way down toward the flower-covered bungalow behind which lay the barns and outhouses of a well-ordered African farm. As they came nearer a dozen dogs ran—Korak, her Korak always was first.

CHAPTER XVI Korak's Vengeance

AND out in the jungle, far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with clotted blood, burning with rage and sorrow, swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had last seen them, nor in any of their usual haunts; but he sought them along the well-marked spur they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them.

When first he came upon them they were moving slowly but steadily southward in one of those periodic migrations, the reasons for which the baboon himself is best able to explain. At sight of the white warrior, who came upon them from down the wind, the herd halted in response to the warning cry of the sentinels that had discovered him.

There was much growling and muttering; much stiff-legged circling on the part of the bulls. The mothers, in nervous, high-pitched tones, called their young to their sides, and with them move to safety behind their lords and masters.

Korak called aloud to the king, who, at the familiar voice, advanced slowly, warily and with a look of distrust. He had the confirmatory evidence of his nose before venturing to rely too implicitly upon the testimony of his ears and eyes.

Korak kept perfectly still. To have advanced toward him, he would have precipitated immediate attack, or, as easily, a panic of flight. Wild beasts are creatures of nerves. It is a relatively simple thing to throw them into a species of hysterics, which may induce either a mania for murder or symptoms of apparent abject cowardice—it is a question, however, if a wild animal ever is actually a coward.

The king, however, approached Korak. He walked around him in an ever-decreasing circle—growling, grunting, sniffing. Korak spoke to him.

"I am Korak," he said. "I opened the cage that you. I saved you from the Tarmangani. I am Korak, the Killer. I am your friend."

"Huh," grunted the king. "You, you are Korak? You are the white warrior who were Korak. My eyes told me that you were Korak. Now my nose tells me that you are Korak. My nose is never wrong. I am your friend. Come, we shall hunt together."

"Korak cannot hunt now," replied the ape-man. "The Gomangani have stolen Merlim. They have tied her in this village. They will not let her go. Korak, alone, was unable to set her free. Korak set you free. Now, will you bring your people and set Korak's Merlim free?"

EARLY SHORE VISITORS WARY OF SURF BATHING DESPITE TORRID DAY

Big Crowd Besieges Atlantic City Seeking Relief From Unusual May Heat, But Find Water Too Cool

ROLLING CHAIRS BUSY

ATLANTIC CITY, May 29.—The first big summer holiday crowd thoroughly enjoyed a perfect day here yesterday. The afternoon trains on Saturday were all crowded and the Sunday morning trains were run in sections. There was a big increase in the number of New York visitors, and most of these are booked for lengthy stays.

Rolling chairs were in demand, and at noon and during the afternoon promenading hours there was much congestion.

There was plenty of room in the surf for those who wanted to be numbered among the "first-in" bathers, but as the temperature of the water was not quite up to the comfort point, those who did venture in did not linger long, and the haste with which they sped to the bathhouses after their dip kept many others from joining in the sport. A school of porpoises have been hanging around the coast for the last two days, and as they have been lolling about the water, instead of diving and swimming, men who understand their habits claim that the Gulf stream is flowing close to the coast, and that in a very few days the temperature of the water will be high enough to make bathing pleasant.

The fair was the usual fashion display by the fair sex, but the males seemed to think among the water, instead of diving and swimming, men who understand their habits claim that the Gulf stream is flowing close to the coast, and that in a very few days the temperature of the water will be high enough to make bathing pleasant.

Philadelphia politicians must be extremely busy fixing their political fences, for but few were down for the week-end conference which was a feature of last season. Even Dave Lane, who has been coming here for 30 years, has not yet put in his appearance for the summer. It is understood that the "amen" corners in certain hotels will not be occupied by politicians this season until after the national conventions have decided on the presidential candidates. Thomas W. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, will carry along the walk and although Senator Penrose slipped into town yesterday, he must have taken refuge in his yacht, for he could not be found.

Congressman John Morin, of Pittsburgh, is here until after Decoration Day, and will spend all his spare time here during the summer. Roger O'Mara, also of Pittsburgh, and his daughter are here for a stay of some weeks.

Both the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads will put on a Sunday night train for New York in a few weeks. The train will leave at midnight and will carry sleeping cars for the benefit of New York business men who want to enjoy to the last minute the beauties of this resort and be back in the city for the week-end.

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SHORE DANCING MASTER BECOMES LIFESAVER



"PROF." WILLIAM LAMB

"Professor" Lamb, Deserting Terpsichore, Now "Captain" Lamb—On Right Side Politically

ATLANTIC CITY, May 29.—Because 1915 a month right off the reel looks good to him, and there is no telling what fate may have in store for the dancing game as a profession, Chelsea this summer will have to get along without "Professor" William Lamb, its most popular dancing master.

For Lamb maestro of the Boole Sea Dances, a discreet little studio on the Boardwalk in the fashionable district, where many Philadelphians, including some whose names are in the social register, have learned to one-step, has become Captain Bill Lamb, of the Beach Patrol, a real life beach hero.

Lamb was Captain Lamb before he became Professor Lamb, Chelsea's maestro. As a matter of fact, he became Professor Lamb because an untucky twist of the political wheel made him no longer Captain Lamb. Then he opened his terpsichorean school in Chelsea, and those he had met as a beach hero came and acquired the one-step and fox-trot and brought their friends likewise.

Last winter was not so prosperous as some other seasons for dancing maestros, even in Chelsea. Professor Lamb began to study the political situation. He was on the right side in the battle that sent Mayor "Elihu" Riddle down the toboggan. He went on duty yesterday at beach headquarters as the disciplinarian of a force of red-shirted swimmers and boatmen which will become 100 strong before the bathing season reaches its summit in August.

SUES BALKY TENOR AT SHORE Boardwalk Playhouse Dark Because of Pay Demand

ATLANTIC CITY, May 29.—To curb the artistic temperament of Giovanni Zenatello, tenor, Emerson L. Richards, attorney for a Boardwalk playhouse, has filed two suits for \$10,000 each against the singer. Zenatello and his wife, according to the management of the theatre, refused to sing Saturday unless they received their pay in advance. There was no performance and the audience received its money back at the box office.

Zenatello refused to sing unless he was paid in advance. Richards declared today. "The house management refused and suggested a check. After several hours of argument Zenatello agreed to accept the check. Then he discovered the excitement had affected his throat so that he could not sing."

DANCING Prepare Now for Your Summer Vacation

THE CORTISOZ SCHOOL

MARTEL'S Academy

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A BOY AND HIS BICYCLE

Dear Children—One of the boys in our wonderful club had saved the sum of sixty-one cents and wanted to get two dollars. We suggested to him that instead of WANTING THE TWO DOLLARS, he try MAKE THE TWO DOLLARS WANT HIM.

The last time we heard from our little friend he had one dollar and thirty-nine cents. He likes the new plan.

Now a member comes along who wants a bicycle and we advised him to think of the whole matter in this light: He says he wants a bicycle. Why not try to picture the bicycle as WANTING HIM. Make in the store is the wheel. In the afternoon the sun shines upon it and makes it awful hot. The bicycle is doing no one any good standing there, and, besides, it is likely to get rusty. Wouldn't the wheel rather be buzzing around in the country these beautiful days? Would it not rather be of use to some one?

When we told this idea to our friend he thought it was a splendid scheme, and so now, instead of wanting a bicycle, he fancies the wheel WANTS HIM.

We shall be glad to tell you when our boy friend gets his bicycle, for we know he is going to get it. In the first place, it will take him out into the green fields where he can get some fresh air and it will not cost any more than \$25 worth of foolishness which some boys, not members of our club, "fritter" away.

If YOU want something very much—look up the word DESIRE and remember that we must have a reason for our wants before we ask for the things we desire.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY—The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—Robert Louis Stevenson.—(Sent in by Margaret Hayes).

Our Postoffice Box Joseph Wahrhaftig is one of the "hikers" band that brought home beautiful souvenirs of the hike in the shape of well-taken snapshots. One of the pictures published in the Club News was a well thought of by a sketch artist that he took the trouble to find out just where the scene was snapped.

We wish more Rainbows would go on hikes and take pictures. George and Jesse Alexander, two little boys in Clayton, Pa., have been very fond of out-door life. Daddy encourages them to be as possible, and many a time he forgives him as a busy storekeeper and has a turn of ball in the back lot with "his boys."

We know lots of Rainbows have "chum" buddies like this one. Please be very fond of us and let us have a peek into your good times.

John Terken, Oney, and James Brundy, Jr., West College avenue, have promised to work hard for our club. John wants to know if we wish to take in members. We do, John. If they are active ones, willing to keep the club pledge and to show an interest in all its activities.

Miriam Lane, Helen Schneider, John Miller, Jr., William and Lester Boyce and Joseph Maguire send very interesting letters, which we regret not having space to print. We would like to have the photographs of these little people, who by their friendly words have brought a good bit of happiness to "their farmer."

Junior Baseball Scores

THE BABY BABOON AND THE COCOANUT CAKE

By Farmer Smith

"BIF!" The Baby Baboon jumped.

"BANG!" The Baby Baboon got up and looked around. Two cocoanuts had come down dangerously near his head. Suddenly he saw Jimmy Monkey in the top of the bamboo tree holding a newspaper in one hand and throwing cocoanuts with the other.

"HEY, stop that!" the Baby Baboon shouted at Jimmy so loud that the fellow in the tree almost fell out.

Jimmy scampered down to the ground, and, rushing up to the Baby Baboon, said: "Look, look! Here is a picture of a great big cannon shooting over a hill and I was throwing cocoanuts just like the cannon was shooting cannon balls—it's great fun."

"That's all right," answered the Baby Baboon, "but it isn't funny if you hit me with a cocoanut."

"That's part of war—getting hit," said Jimmy. "Let's play again, and you be the one to stop the cannon from shooting. Must stop them. You can be the enemy."

"I don't want to be the enemy." The Baby was very firm.

"Well, you MUST be the enemy, and that makes it all the more exciting, because if you don't want to be the enemy I will MAKE you be the enemy."

"Then you hit me with the cannon balls—I mean the cocoanuts?"

"Of course—you're the enemy," answered Jimmy.

"All right; that will be grand; but before you start any of that enemy business I wanted to tell you that mother had made a beautiful cocoanut cake, and I think I could stand being hit with cocoanuts a much better if I had a piece of that cake."

And with that the Baby Baboon started for home.

"I guess you are right," said Jimmy, as he followed him.

Memorial Day at Arlington

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Memorial Day will be observed here Tuesday with elaborate exercises at Arlington National Cemetery, where are buried thousands of dead soldiers. President Wilson will deliver the principal address. In the evening the President will go to Baltimore for a theatrical performance given by the Priests' Club of New York.

STEAMSHIPS

SPECIAL EXCURSION ON STEAMER THOMAS CLYDE TO AUGUSTINE BEACH DECORATION DAY

MAY 30, 1916

DANCING ALL DAY

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE